

The Irony Of Memory

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Category: Animorphs

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-26 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-26 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:36:54

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,168

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In the future a animorph's co-worker discovers the truth about the animorphs. And herself

The Irony Of Memory

> My name is Lee. That's all you need to know about me for know. I don't feel like getting into details, okay? Great, good to know we have an understanding.

> I was working. It was a computer job, the only one I could get after the great war. Besides I don't know what I'm good at, for obvious reasons.

> I suppose that work was easy, but I was easily distracted. I had the horrible luck of sharing an office with old Crazy.

> Crazy really isn't all that old. He's young, maybe my age, with chocolate colored eyes and midnight black hair. He stood their hands to head, face all crunched up, as though he had some terrible migraine he couldn't seem to get rid of. He acted like that alot, all sick and tired, as though the world was a burden. I wondered why the big boss didn't just fire him already. I guess he was a good worker though. You know your typical computer genius.

> Crazy started shaking back and forth. Crazy, that wasn't his real name of course, just a little nickname me and my friend Dan had stuck him with. I guess you could say Dan and I were 'dating' but really it was more of a partnership. He needed someone to talk to and I was lonely, so I guess it worked out well.

> Crazy was going at his shaking wildly with his knees pulled up in front of his head in a fetal position. His knees flew around wildly, when he shook, hitting himself in the head. He mumbled words of horror under his breath and his eyes widened as though seeing something that fascinated him.

> I sighed and stood up, putting my work on hold once again. I stared at the screen full of computer language wistfully and walked toward him.

> "You okay Crazy?" I said laying my hand on his shoulder, trying to comfort him.

> "Don't touch me!" He cried quickly pulling himself out of my reach, and, in result, falling off his chair.

> "Oh, get up!" I said with a laugh. He glared at me sharply and gathered himself up. "What's up with the shakes big boy?" I asked looking at him with amusement.

> "Remembering," He said and he smiled a wistful sad smile, "Not something you do a lot of, huh?"

> I stood above him, confused over the latter comment. How did he...? Shut up, Lee. It was just a random terribly ironic comment. He couldn't have known... could he?

> "Remembering what?" I said shaking off the last comment. He smiled, watching me do so. Once again I questioned...no it couldn't be.

> "The screams. The screams down in the pool. You heard them too. You heard all of them scream. Everyone, you heard them too!" His voice rose hysterically and his eyes glittered insanely.

> "Shut up! Shut up! What are you talking about? Be quiet! For the love of God be quiet!" He had burst something inside me. I stood there and screamed at him wildly. I had always had a horrible temper.

> I heard footsteps in the hall. Dan, God bless him. He would come and protect me from old insane Crazy. I headed toward the door, away from the madman who had struck such a horrible nerve in me.

> "If you want to know the truth," he yelled after me, "Meet me at Cafe Riya on Friday at Eight O'clock."

> ***
 I ran out the door enraged for some reason I could not quite place at my co-worker. Once out of the door I bumped into dear old Dan.
>
 "What's wrong dear?" He asked. A look of pure concern lay across his face. His brow crumpled together adorably and I, just for the hell of it, gave him a quick kiss.
>
 "Crazy, he said something that triggered something in me..." I said my voice trailed off.
>
 "A flashback, of before the war?" He said his concern doubling. He knew all about my horrible memories of before the war. I could tell Dan anything.
>
 "He said...he said if I wanted to know the truth that I should meet him at the cafe."
>
 "At the cafe? Does this mean your cheating on me?" He teased for a moment forgetting the seriousness of the situation.
>
 "Dan!" I yelled aspirated.
>
 "I know, I know. Well darling I'll meet you on lunch break" He said, running a hand through his beautiful dark brown hair.
>
 "I'm not going back in there!" I said, my voice was very high and flighty. Usually I'm not like that. I'm a strong brave person, not some "Oh John Wayne save me I'm kidnapped." I'm more of a "Dammit Wayne your late I'm getting out myself."
>
 "Hunny, there's no place else to go. Just stay away from him."

>
 "Should I go to the Cafe tomorrow?"
>
 "NO! Stay away from him." I looked at him, shocked. He glared at me with an expression oddly familiar on his face and started to walk away.
>
 "I'm sorry," he said walking back and giving me quick kiss, "I just want you to stay away from him, that's all."
>
 He walked away and I found myself staring at him, and only him, despite the hallway full of people. I suppose I should be in love with him, but there's something about Dan I just can't love.
>
 I walked back into my office, not looking at the dark haired man sitting next to me, and continued to work.

>

>
 "See it's lunch, I'm here as promised." Dan said with a large laughing smile on his face. Once again I thought I noticed something terribly strained about his happiness. That was why I couldn't quite love him.
>
 "I think I better go find out what this man has to tell me on Friday." I said. I had to know the truth even if it came from this odd source.
>
 "No! Do not go with him!" He yelled again an odd burst of energy came from the normally sweet kind understanding Dan. What the hell!
>
 "I mean, darling you don't know what this man has in store for you. He could be a sick twisted kidnapper."
>
 "A crowded cafe? I doubt it. I'll be fine. Hell, I'll give you a call as soon as I get home so you'll know I'm alive."
>
 "Still..."
>
 "Still nothing, I'll be fine. I'm sick of acting all damsel in distress. I need to find out whatever I can. Now, if you'll excuse me Dan, I have some work to do." I stood up and walked away but even as I opened the door I could still feel his eyes boring into my back.

>

>
 It was Friday and I was as nervous wreck. I hurried to work that morning and tried to concentrate. No such luck, I found myself staring at old Crazy watching him shake insanely back and forth.
>
 Crazy didn't seem to notice my eyes burning into his back, or maybe he did. I highly doubt he'd even care. Crazy was deep into his own private world and nothing would bring him out of it.
>
 I watched him. I watched the way his whole body shook in fear. I watched that eternal headache he always seems to have. I watched the pain in his eyes as though he was witnessing something horrible...
>
 FLASH
>
 "There dead! All dead we can't go back." I heard a boy yell. Near him an insane girl jumped up and started running he tackled her down and held her tight, so that she wouldn't run away.
>
 "We have to go back! Oh god! We have to go back!" Tears streamed down the girl's eyes. She tried to run but the boy anchored her to the ground.
>
 "Let her go!" I found myself yelling. Only they couldn't hear me. I was not in the same time of them. I couldn't tell them to make the right choice....
>
 FLASH
>
 It had been another one of those horrible flashbacks. I held my hands to my head. It wasn't my first flashback. I had had many. You see, I can't remember anything before the war. A lot of people can't. It was such a traumatic experience that our psyche's decided to blot it out. It couldn't be bad if we didn't remember it. Still it was a lonely life. No friends, no family, if it weren't for Dan...well I might have killed myself.
>
 Crazy stared at me. He nodded his head in understanding. Then he smiled to himself as if he had just won some private bet between him and no one.
>
 Did he know? He couldn't have. Could he help me figure out the secrets of my past? Maybe, I was about to find out.
>

>
 Friday night, I walked calmly into the cafe. I was going into this calm and clear-headed, but who knew how'd I come out.
>
 I walked up to the hostess and began to ask for a table for two when I saw that Crazy was already there. Who knows how long he

had been there? I think that he knew that this meeting would be the most important event of his last year. Looking back I guess it was for me too.

>
 "You're late." He said with a large smile. I remember that smile best about him, even now when I have so many different things to remember about him. So many amazing memories to choose from, but that amazing wide friendly smile. I remember that best.

>
 I looked at my clock. "Only by two minutes." I said glaring at him oddly.

>
 "Your point being?"

>
 "Oh shut up." I said jokingly.

>
 "Care to order something to eat?"

>
 "No. I want to know what you have to tell me."

>
 "Sheesh, well I like a girl who can get right down to business. Especially one as beautiful as you." He said. Crazy personality had done a 360. He was no longer that crazed up ball of fear I was so used to seeing. I guess the importance of this calmed him.

>
 "Are you hitting on me?" I asked. His large contagious grin had spread to me now. I felt oddly happy and almost couldn't have cared if he told me the secret of my past or not. Almost.

>
 "The irony of lack of memory." He said. I guess he meant as a joke, but I certainly wasn't laughing. I stood there my mouth wide open and prepared to say something but he cut me off.

>
 "Let me tell you a story. A fairy tale of sorts, yes that's it, a fairy tale. Once upon a time there lived five normal everyday teenagers. They lived happily and every once in awhile there lives would connect. Connection, is what life is about. One day all five lives connected at once, it was meant to be. So when they connected something very special happened. They met a alien" I started to gasp. We all knew the only aliens they would have met were the yeerks. Poor soul he must have been a controller. No wonder he was crazy.

>
 "He wasn't just any alien. He was a leader, an amazingly brave leader. The leader had a son. It was meant that someday he and his son would connect, and so they did.

>
 "When they connected the lives of everyone involved changed drastically. You see the alien had given them an amazing gift. The power to morph any animal they wanted. There was time limit in morph though. Two hours. The alien's son, he broke this crucial rule. He became a hawk until the day he died." On the word died old Crazy choked and began to cry. I patted him on the back and hoped he'd continue. His voice continued and it had soothed me.

>
 "The hawk fell in love with another member of the group. A beautiful wild spirited young girl. Her best friend was also in the group. Her friend was a sweet girl who had a typical adolescent relationship with the group's leader. The leader was a strong kid and he toughed up quickly. He fought the yeerks fiercely even at such a miserably young age. The kids had a lot of responsibility." He paused for a minute as though he was about to stop. I thought for minute and decided to get in a quick question before he started again.

>
 "That's four, but you said there were five?" I said to the sad mysterious figure across from me.

>
 "That's because," he said with a slight smile, "I'm the 5th."

> ***
 Crazy, or as I later learned, Marco, told me about the 'animorphs' adventures in yeerk fighting. I stared, memorized, and listed. The words filled my ears and the stories danced in my head. It was almost as though I was actually there.

>
 He stopped. "There was one problem though. The boy, the boy that used to be me, his mother was the leader of the yeerk war. One

day after years of fighting there was a final battle. We lost all but two of the group. And the boy, me though it doesn't seem like it was really me, found himself face to face with his mother. He had to kill her in order to save the other surviving member. It was obvious what choice he, I, had to make. He stood there in front of his mother and drew back his gorilla fist. She died, almost instantly. Yet before she totally slipped away, his mother, his real mother, not the yeerk, yelled 3 simple words. 'I love you!' She had said." Marco broke down crying. Tears started steaming down his eyes. I looked around nervously. It wasn't good to show such emotion in a crowded place.

>
 "Let's head home." I said. I literally had to drag him up. We strolled home and after awhile he started telling me he's story again.

>
 "The girl and I managed to escape unscathed. Physically anyway, emotionally is another story. The girl got separated from me. I never knew if she was alive or dead. There's my story. Happy ain't it?" He said half-laughing and half-crying.

>
 I patted him on the back again. It was all I knew to do. He looked up at me with such adoring eyes and I couldn't help but smile. His eyes, although filled with tears still had an odd quality, laughing eyes I think their called laughing eyes.

>
 "I shouldn't be troubling you with my problems. You have enough of your own."

>
 "Actually after talking to you I couldn't care less. You've cheered me up a bit." I said. I looked at him. I loved looking at him. God I guess I loved him.

>
 "This your apartment?" He asked.

>
 "Yeah." He walked me up the sidewalk and started to walk away. "Hey? No goodbye kiss?" I yelled after him. He laughed and mumbled something about the irony of memory.

>
 As he walked away I once again found myself staring at this enigma. I sighed opening my door as his body faded into the horizon.

>

> I showed up the next day at work anxious to see Marco. Imagine my shock when I showed up and didn't see his familiar shape in the chair next to mine.

> "Where's Crazy?" I asked Marlene, the elderly woman who works in the off next door. I felt odd calling him crazy since I knew he was anything but crazy.

> "He's sick. In the local hospital." I was out the door almost before she finished the sentence. I ran out the door and through the hallway, almost knocking Dan over.

> "Hey what's the rush?" He yelled in that disgustingly fake joking voice. I couldn't have cared less about Dan just then.

> ***
 I saw Marco hooked up to I.V. looking pale.

>
 "Marco!" I cried in shock.

>
 "I'm dying dear. There's something I need to tell you." He said in a sickly voice.

>
 "Yes?" I asked. I was about ready to cry.

>
 "I love you." He said to me. I leaned forward and kissed him despite the I.V. I felt our lips touch. Then when the wonderful moment stopped he looked up to me and spoke. "Yes, I love you, RACHEL."

>
 On those words I fell back, stunned. Memories flew through my mind. My mouth gaped open. Everything came back to me in a flash. I remembered watching my friends die. I remembered it all.

>
 "Marco? Oh my god!" I started breathing heavily. I sat down on the ground hard. My mouth was wide open.

>
 "I know Rachel. I also know that you can never love me know that you remember Tobias. I still love you, though."

>
 "Marco! I'll always love you nothing can change that. " He looked shocked. I leaned in and kissed him again. I felt him slipping away, he was dying.

>
 "What happened to you?" I asked.

>
 "I realized once you knew the truth you'd never love me. I jumped in front of a bus." He started to cry.

>
 "The irony of memory..." I mumbled.

>
 "You know my dear Rachel, I do think I was a little bit in love with you." He smiled his large sad smile and with that the heart monitor went flat.

>

>
 I headed to Dan's house. I needed to tell him about everything.

>
 "Dan", I said, "Crazy told me who I was! I remember it all now!" I yelled. He looked at me with his God damn fake smile.

>
 "Really," he said pausing, "Rachel."

>
 I stared at him shocked." How...?

>
 " I know alot about you. I suppose know that your memories back you'll remember me."

>
 "Who..." Then it hit me. "David...but...but.... You're a rat! How'd you get out?"

>
 "I have a friend in a very high place. His name's Crayak. Have you heard of him?"

>
 "Oh my God!"

>
 "You tricked me into giving up my life as a human. So now I have to take away your life."

>
 With that he pulled out a gun and I heard the bullet disturb the air.

>

>
 I sit here writing this memoir of my final days. I'm dying. In a hospital. Terribly ironic, because this is Marco's room. Lot of irony today.

>
 I'm dying now. Sweet surrender into the deep beyond. Yes that's it. I'm slipping now.

>
 I'll be in heaven soon. In heaven with both the love of the girl Rachel, and the love of the girl Lee. The question is, which one am I?

>

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End
file.